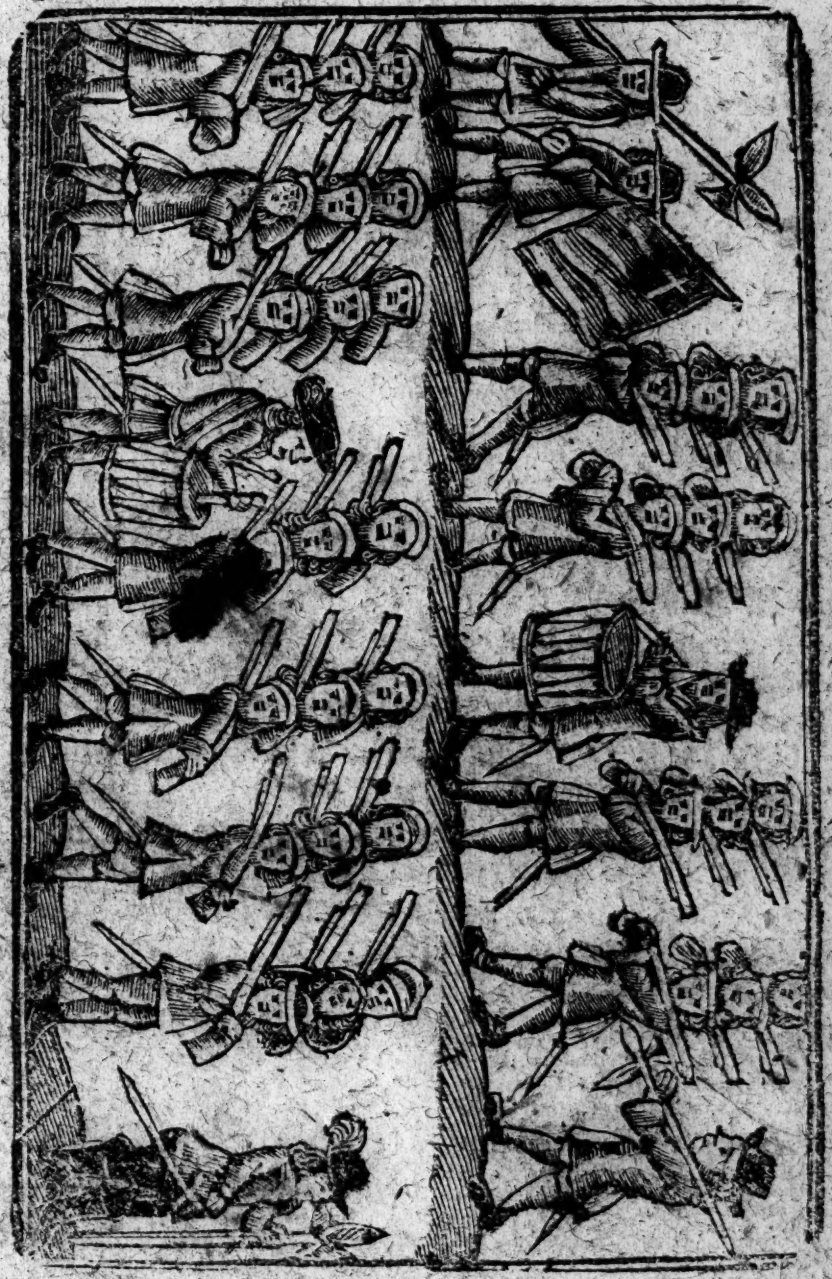
The Pleaſant and Delightful

Hiſtory of *Johnny Armſtrong.*



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The Pleaſant and Delightful

HISTORY

OF THE

Renowned Northern Worthy,

Johnny Armſtrong,

OF

WESTMORELAND:

SHEWING

His many noble Deeds, in his Youth in divers Countries, in Arms againſt the Turks and Sarazens in the *Holy Land*; and how, ſettling at *Guiltnock-hall* in *Weſtmoreland*, he by his Induſtry, without any Eſtate in Lands or Rents, kept Eightſcore Men to attend him, richly apparell'd, well-mounted, and armed: How he married a fair Lady, a poor Knight's Daughter, and of the noble Entertainment at his Wedding, who brought him a fair Son: Alſo an Account of his many Victories over the Scots, and how going to *Edenborough* upon the friendly Invitation of that King, he and his Men were all ſlain, valiantly fighting, whoſe Death was revenged by his Son; with many other matters of note.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

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HISTORY

THE HISTORY OF Johnny Armstrong, OF *WESTMORELAND*, &c.

CHAP. I.

How in his youthful Days following the Wars abroad in the Holy Land, *and other Countries, he learned the Art of Arms, came off with great Success and Applause; and after his Return, settled at* Guiltnock-hall, *in* Westmoreland; *and of the noble Entertainment he gave to his hundred and sixty Men.*

IN former times when the Wars were frequent between *England* and *Scotland*, before the two Kingdoms were united in King *James* the First of *England*, and Sixth of *Scotland*, the bordering Counties, by reason of the Inroads that were made, were sometimes possessed by one Nation, and sometimes

by another; so that in these Contests there happened to live in *Westmoreland*, a brave and jolly Man named *Johnny Armstrong*, who made it his Business to keep up the good old laudible Customs of Charity, supplying the Poor with Cloaths and Food, not denying to any that asked; so that for his Liberality he was famed every where, and extreamly beloved by all, as well of his rich Neighbours, as poor Ones; and though he had no free Estate, yet their was such a Providence upon his Industry, which he used many ways, as in Cloathing, buying and selling Forrests of Timber, breeding Cattle, and the like, that his Store vastly encreased, insomuch that a great many wondered how he could live at the rate he did, not well knowing how his Incomes should maintain it. For building a long Hall on purpose; he had a Table every Day furnished for eightscore Men, which he not only fed, but kept cloathed, and maintained in all other Matters; having Horse and Arms upon Occasion for the Defence of his Country, ready for them to mount, taking great Delight to Exercise them, having been trained up a Soldier in foreign Lands, fighting against the Turks and Sarazens many Years in his youthful Days, and done great Exploits, which made him by many be stiled the Champion of the North, so that he kept the Borders very much in quiet.

His Mansion House was called *Guiltnock-hall*, and is famed to this Day for his living in it, there being small Houses standing in the same Place, bearing the Name to this time; however, the larger Ruins shows it has been a Place very famous in former, for upon digging, the workmen found the Foundations very spacious; and some of them have had the Luck to light upon Earthen-pots, with

ith the Coin of divers Kings, to the great Inriching of em, and so they called it *Johnny Armstrong*'s Bounty-oney. Upon these things he imployed himself, till was forty Years of Age, without being married, ough several rich Offers were made to him of weal-y young Maidens; this made him consider of alter-g his Condition, not so much for the Desire of Mar-age, as he might get an Heir to keep up the Gran-ure of his Hospitality, and to carry his Name to Po-erity, as being descended of a very ancient and wor-y Family, some of which are living to this Day.

CHAP. II.

ow being setled, and living gallantly, he bethought him-self of Marriage, and fell in Love with a Gentleman's Daughter of no Fortune; and of the splendid Enter-tainment he made; and how thereupon he was taken for the King &c.

HIs Thoughts about Marriage where no sooner known, but out of the Respect the Gentry and hers in the Country had for him, many suitable Matches were proposed; but as for Riches he lightly garded it, relying mainly on the Bounties of o-idence, he resolved to choose out one Handsome, In-enious, and Virtuous; and so it was not long e're he w One as he was passing through a Market-Town, hat he could fancy; and upon inquiry, found she was Gentleman's Daughter, though of a mean Fortune, er Father being fallen much to Decay, by the Losses e had received by the War between the two Nations, his Estate and Goods: But this made no Difference etween them, the Gentleman was glad to put his Daugh-

Daughter off so well, and *Johnny* was as well pleased he had met with a virtuous modest Woman, not without a Sufficiency of Beauty to please him well enough; and the Day being appointed, he promised to come and marry her, and so fetch her home to his House. And in order to this, he arrayed his eightscore Men in Purple, laced all with Gold and Silver-Lace, with Silver-hilted Swords, imbroider'd Belts, guilded Spurs, and Plumes of white Feathers in their Bonnets, and bravely mounted, he rid in most gallant Attire at the Head of them; so that the People through the Towns as he passed, taking him for the King, they run before him, throwing up their Hats, and shouting; nor could they hardly be perswaded by himself to the contrary.

His fair Mistress was of the same Opinion, when looking out at the Window, upon the knocking at the Gate, and seeing her Father's House surrounded with so gallant a Troop, fancying it could be none else, and that he might be a hunting in those Parts, and so came thither for Entertainment; upon this she run and waked her Father, it being yet early, and told him the King was come with a numerous Train to visit him.

God forbid, said he; *what shall we do then? We shall be undone, for all our Provisions for thy Wedding will not be a mouthful for them. Indeed the House looks fair and promising without, though my mean Fortune can allow but least Commons. Go down and tell them I am not at home, I am sick, or any thing to put them off, for better so, than pretend to entertain them, when we cannot do it; better strain a Complement, than to be disgraced, or at least fast I know not how long after.*

Upon

Upon this, down she went, and peeping through the Wicket, demanded what brought them to her Father's House; to which *Johnny Armstrong* replyed, My Promise to you, that I would this Day make you my Wife. Upon this, knowing his Voice, and looking wishfully on him, she could not but fancy him to be what she before had thought, till he alighted, and saluted her very kindly, assuring her he was no other than *Johnny Armstrong* of *Guiltnock-hall*, in *Westmoreland*. Upon this throwing open the Gates, she conducted him in, and run up to tell the Business, whereupon her Father coming down, kindly welcomed him. But when he saw his Train, he blessed himself, to know what he meant by bringing such a number of Men so bravely Accutered, fancying he had invited all the Gentlemen in ten Countries: But when he told him they were such as usually attended him when he went upon any important Affair, his Wonder yet more encreased, for though he had heard he had daily relieved abundance of Poor, he could not believe he could keep so many Men in that Garb.

CHAP. III.

How he was married, and of the noble Entertainment he made, the number of his Servants and Attendants, and how he invited the whole Country to his Wedding, &c.

NOw Matters being at this paſs, the Pages had the care of the Horſes, whilſt the Men light to refreſh themſelves; though all the Liquor in the Houſe was not a Morning's Draught for them; which made the old Gentleman the Father conclude that this would be a Faſting-day of a Wedding. But whilſt theſe Doubts and Fears ſhook him like a Palſie, all on a ſudden arrived *Armſtrong*'s Cooks and Scullions, twenty in number, with a Carrivan

of

of Provision ready to dress: after them his Butlers, being eight, with another of Wine, Cyder, Ale, and other Liquor; so that it seemed, when taken out, a Plenty sufficient to have supplyed a little City against a Siege. So to work went the Cooks, *&c.* whilst he and his Bride, bravely mounted, rode attended by his Men to the Church, making such a Show as that Country had never before seen. The People upon Notice of it, coming far and near to be Spectators, some giving out, especially the ignorant sort, that 'Squire *Leonard*'s Daughter had marryed the King for certain; for as he came out of the Church, he gave a hundred Mark to be distributed among the Poor, which they fancied none but a King could, or at least would do.

When they came home, after the Wine of divers Nations had gone briskly about, they found the Tables covered with all manner of Varieties that Sea, Earth or Air could afford, as, Fowl, Fish, Flesh, Fruits, and other Dainties; and yet above half was not brought in, so that they were obliged, for want of Room in the House, to have Tables spread in the Court-yard. For the Porter was ordered to make Proclamation, That all Comers should be welcome that Day; and so till Night they drank and feasted plentifully; and then came his Musick and Masqueraders to divert the Company till Bed-time; though indeed there was not Lodging for a fortieth Part of them, so that open House was kept all Night. And he finding the ill conveniency of staying there longer, took leave of his Father-in-law the next Morning, and conveyed his fair Bride home with him in great State, and with her lived very happily, sup-

plying her Father's Wants on all occaſions with Proviſion and Money, and made him live very comfortably.

CHAP. IV.

How having carried his fair Bride home, ſhe was magnificently entertained: How ſoon after he had divers Encounters with the Scots, and thereupon a War ariſing between the two Nations, after the Battle at Bannock's *Bourn,* Weſtmoreland *fell into their Hands.*

BEing now at home, he ſo ſetled all things in good Order in that Country, that the King of *England* ſent him Thanks for the Care he had in protecting Paſſengers from Robers and Thieves, as likewiſe from the plundering Scots, which he made many times go ſhort home, wherefore they mortally hated him, and layed ſome Deſigns to intrap him, but having his Guard of merry old true hearted Blades with him, he always came off with flying Colours; And during theſe Tranſactions his Wife was brought to Bed of a fair Son, which much rejoyced his Parents Hearts, ſo that holding a Feaſt at his Chriſtening, all the Country in a manner, ſo that the Fame of it rung far and near.

In the middle of this Joy, he had notice, that a Party of Scots were advanced within ten Miles of his Seat, ravaging and plundering the Country, ſo that the People came flying before them a-pace; but he and his Men mounting, gave them Battle on the Borders of the Country, and overthrew them with ſo woful a Slaughter, that very few returned to *Carliſle*, which Garriſon in thoſe Days the Scots held, to tell of the Defeat.

Theſe,

Theſe, and ſuch like Encounters and Depradations, cauſed an open War between the two Nations, which had been ſtilled for a time; and King *Edward* of *England* marched towards *Scotland*, and entered it with a mighty Army, but very ill diſciplined; for the Scotch Hiſtorians tell us, they were a hundred thouſand, beſides Women, Lackeys, and other Servants, many carrying their whole Families with them, to ſettle, when *Scotland* ſhould be over-run. But Fortune was here againſt the *Engliſh*, by reaſon of their Security and Over-confidence in their Number, for in a mortal Battle at a place called *Bannock's Bourn*, *Robert* the Scots King, ſetting upon 'em, utterly vanquiſh'd 'em with a leſſer Number, killing about ten thouſand of them, with the Earl of *Glouceſter*, and two hundred Knights and 'Squires; and on the Scots ſide about ſix thouſand were killed, with divers Nobles and Gentlemen, ſo that they purſuing their Succeſs, won *Weſtmoreland* and *Cumberland*. Our famous *Armſtrong* was not at this Battle, but was much ſurprized at it, and would have perſwaded the retreating Engliſh, to whoſe Aid he was coming, to rally and face about; but wanting a Warlike Prince to lead them, and he as a private Man having no Authority with them, it proved ineffectual; and now he found himſelf conſtrained to become a Subject to the King of *Scotland*, or leave his fair Seat, which he reſolved not to do, though his Wife and his Father-in-law mainly perſwaded him to it, conſidering how much he had done againſt that Nation, and that he could not well expect but now it was in their Power they would not forget it: But he being of an undaunted Courage, told them, that he had been brought up a Soldier, and what he had done,

was

was according to the Law of Arms, and that even a generous Enemy could not but approve it: Beſides, in a little time all might be won back again by the Engliſh; and therefore he not being uſed to deſpair in Providence, or ſubject to Fear, would not remove from a Place he ſo dearly loved upon Suggeſtions of Dangers that might never happen, leaſt the World might impute to him a Cowardice he was never guilty of.

Theſe Words put them to Silence, and he ſtill went on in his old generous way of living, keeping open Houſe, and doing all the good he could even to the Poor of either Nation without Indifferency, that no Exceptions might be taken, or he be branded with Partiality.

CHAP. V.

How being perſwaded to leave Guiltnock-hall, *and retire from the Scottiſh Revenge, having refuſed for many Reaſons; and great Commotions ariſing by the landing of the Danes and Redſhanks, he was ſuſpected upon the falſe Accuſation of a Lord: How the King invited him to* Edenborough, *to deſtroy him, and he promiſed to go.*

DUring theſe Stirs, the Danes and Redſhanks, two bloody Northern Nations, made great Havock in the Weſtern Iſles of *Scotland*, where they had landed, and with them joyned ſome of the diſcontented Scots, as well Noblemen as others, ſo that the King knew not who to truſt, ſince ſome proved treacherous on whom he ſeemed moſtly to rely; this vexed him, and made him ſuſpicious even of his Friends, ſo that he impriſoned many of them out of

of Fear they ſhould joyn with the Engliſh, who were making Preparations to recover what they had ſo ſhamefully loſt; or with the Northern Enemy, to whom flocked a great many Outlaws and idle Perſons, who ſuppoſed in the midſt of Spoil and Plunder, they ſhould be enriched with the Goods and Chattels that others had induſtriouſly laboured for.

Theſe Proceedings made many of the great Ones whom he ſent to, refuſe to come to him, leaſt they ſhould be clapt up as the others had been; and then what Accuſations might be brought falſly againſt them, they know not.

This made him clap his Hand on his Breaſt, looking on thoſe that were about him, and with a ſigh, ſaid, Ah! is *Scotland* ſo full of Treachry, that never a Man from the higheſt to the loweſt Degree, dare appear before his King when he ſends for him.

Hereupon an Officer of his Houſhold ſtanding up, and then bowing low, ſaid, May it pleaſe your Majeſty, there is one, by Name *John Armſtrong* in *Weſtmoreland*, a valiant and truſty Man, whom I doubt not but he may do you Service. What is he, ſa d the King, or his Abillity? Why, replyed the Officer, he lives very ſplendidly, gives noble Entertainment to all Comers, and yet I never heard he had any Land to maintain it Then, ſaid the King, he muſt live by Plunder and Robbery; and of ſuch there are too many in the Kingdom already. But does he keep any Men to attend him? Yes, replyed the other, he always maintains eightſcore gallant Fellows, bravely attired; and when he goes abroad, they ride with him well mounted and armed.

Whilſt

Whilſt this Dialogue held, in came a Lord whom *Armſtrong* and his Men had a little before the Fight at *Bannock's Bourn* routed on the Borders, and reſcued a great Booty of Cattle taken from the poor Engliſh Country People, and challenged him to ſingle Combat, but he durſt not anſwer him. Of this mortal Enemy of his the King demanded, if he knew one *Johnny Armſtrong* of *Weſtmoreland*, and what he was? Know him, replied he, Yes, may it pleaſe your Majeſty, and ſo does all your poor Subjects on the other, and this ſide *Tweed*; he has been a bitter Enemy to our Country, and is like to be ſo again, when the Engliſh, who now I hear are preparing to make an Attempt upon it; and unleſs your Majeſty can get him into your Hands, and deſtroy him, and the Neſt of Rebels he keeps, your new Conqueſts can never be ſecured to you.

This falſe and malicious Report ſo incenſed the King againſt this juſt and valiant Man, that he reſolved, if poſſible, his Deſtruction, without enquiring further into the matter; purpoſing to go with Forces, and immediately fall upon him. But that was objected againſt, leſt upon notice of the March, he ſhould retire into the Engliſh Territories, and become yet a more implacable Enemy: Therefore it was thought adviſable in a ſecret Council, called to that Purpoſe, he ſhould be ſent for to *Edenborough* under fair Pretences of Friendſhip, and there he and his Train he brought with him, might be cut off without much Reſiſtance.

This was agreed on as proper, whereupon the King writ to him the following Letter:

We

WE having heard much of the Fame of you, our dear and loving Subject, and your great Bounty, and many ſingular Virtues, have raiſed ſuch Admiration in us, that we could do no leſs at this time, then take Notice of one who is beloved of the common People, and may be ſo greatly ſerviceable to us, when things go ſo badly; Therefore I will not command, but earneſtly require you on the ſight of this our Letter, to repair to us at our City of Edenborough, *with your Attendance, where you ſhall be heartily welcome. And for your ſafe Conduct, this our Letter, with our Royal Word and ſolemn Promiſe, ſhall be a ſufficient Pledge and Security.* Robert Rex.

This Letter was ſealed with the King's Signet, and ſent with all ſecreſie and ſpeed, which he received as he came from Hunting; and having highly treated the Meſſenger, and giving him his Promiſe to wait on the King on the Morrow, he diſmiſſed him.

CHAP. VI.

How he went bravely attended with his eightſcore Men to Edenborough, *notwithſtanding many Preſages that forbid it: The Diſcourſe he had with the King, who charging him wrongfully as a Traytor, and ordering him and his Men to be hanged, they fought with the King's Guards, and the whole City in a bloody Battle, till they were all ſlain but his Page; and how his little Son promiſed to revenge his Father's Death.*

THe valiant *John Armſtrong* being at this Invitation a little puzled to think what the Reaſon ſhould be, and therefore communicated it to his Friends to have

their Opinions; but they were as much in the dark as himself; but since he had received the King's Letter of Conduct, and passed his Word to go, they concluded (all but his Wife, who was full of Fear for him) that it would be convenient for him to fulfil his Promise.

Whereupon he ordered his Men to be ready the next Morning, and to put on their best Apparel, which were Velvet Coats lac'd with three broad Gold Laces, and Scarlet Cloaks with five of Silver, as the most modish Fashion of those times, was also to put on their gold embroidered Belts, which were made to hang over their Shoulders, and every one a Falchion by his Side with a silver Handle, a Buckler of Steel, and a plume of white Feathers in their Hats or Bonnets. The Emblem of them that they unluckily went into War and Mischief.

His Commands were not disputed, but in the Morning they were up with the Sun, and immediately had put themselves in Array to March; when all on a sudden, the glorious Luminary, that shone so bright at his ascending our Horizen, was clouded and overcast, and thunders began to rumble in the Air, which was the Fore-runner of Rain and Whirlwinds; however, there being some signs of clearing up, he resolved to set forward, but coming to take his leave of his dearly beloved Wife, and little Son, and giving them many tender Kisses and Embraces, Tears trickled from his Eyes, contrary to their wonted use, and his manly Courage failed him, and all on a sudden he grew sad and melancholy; without being able to give any reason for it. But his Wive's intreaties and his Son's Tears, were too weak to stay him; so with kind Farewels they parted, as they hoped, but for a time, but it proved a long one.

As

As they rid through several Towns, the People flocked to see their Bravery; at last they came to the flowery Banks of *Tweed*, which parts rightly *Scotland* from *England*, and is its Boundary, over which River they passed by a Foard, and so rode on towards *Edenborough*, sending word before of his coming, least so great a Troop might make the City shut their Gates on a sudden, for fear of a Surprize.

The King no sooner had notice of this, but he placed his Guards to be ready on the first Order to execute his Commands; but when he came to his Presence so nobly attended, he began to doubt it might be a mistaken Rumour of *Armstrong*'s coming, fancying it might rather be some foreign Prince come to pay him a visit; wherefore upon his low bowing, the King moved his Bonnet to him in a courteous manner, bidding him stand up; but he was no sooner certified it was he, e're the kind Language was turned into the hateful Names of Villain, Traytor, Enemy to *Scotland*, Thief, Robber, and much more of this unexpected Language, which something startled him; whereupon he bending one Knee to the Ground, begged Pardon if he had done any thing that had offended his Majesty; but as for his coming thither, it was in Obedience to his Letter, which promised him better Entertainment, and safe Conduct, and therefore desired to know to what end he was sent for, tendering his Service if it might be accepted. No, Traytor, replied he, in a Rage, I need not thy Service; and as for the fair Promises in my Letter, 'twas to decoy you and your Nest of Thieves hither; and lastly, the Cause of sending for you, was to hang you and your Men; which shall be done by eight of the Clock to Morrow morning. At this, the bold English Man rising up unconcerned, with-

out fear desired he might Justifie himself and his Men and be cleared of the false Report his Majesty had perhaps received of them. But the Lord who first accused him, and some of his Creatures incensing the King against him, it was denyed, and the Guards which were about two thousand, had the Signal to drag them to Goal, and the next Morning to execute them.

Hah, says *Armstrong*, *hast thou thus broke thy Word with me, thus basely to ensnare and destroy me and my Men. Well, we are Men, and like Men we will die, if it must be so, and* Scotland *shall buy our Lives at a dear rate.* Upon that, looking behind him, and encouraging his Followers to take Example by him, he drew his trusty Sword, and making at the King through the thick of his Guards struck at him with such fury, that he had taken off his Head at the Stroak, had not he nimbly avoided it by falling on the Ground. *Armstrong*'s Men seeing their Leader engaged among so many Swords, immediately drew; and so laid about them, that all the Place was slippery with Blood; driving those that remained unslain out of the Palace, into the open Streets; whilst the Cry arose through all the City, as if it had been taken by Storm; so that at last three thousand more coming upon the Heroick *Armstrong*, being tired with the Slaughter of his Enemies, and faint with Wounds and loss of Blood, after some staggering, fell to the Ground; yet calling to his Men, encouraged them to Fight on, for after he had bled a little, he would rise and help them again. This made them like enraged Lions, so that Heaps of dead Bodies barred up their way; till at last over-powered by fresh Numbers, and seeing no way of an honourable Retreat; they all, like valiant Men, dyed in their Master's Cause, leaving a bloody Victory, for there fell by their

Hands

Hands two thousand five hundred Citizens and Soldiers. The King the mean while was retired to a Strong-hold for Shelter; and only of *Armstrong*'s Party a little Page escaped, to tell the dismal News; at which the Mourning of his Wife and all that Country made for his untimely Fall, is more than we can relate: however, his little Son sitting on his Nurse's Knee, vowed to revenge his Death, which, being a Man, he as gallantly performed.

Johnny Armstrong's last Goodnight, &c.

Is there never a Man in all *Scotland*,
from the highest estate to the lowest degree,
That can show himself now before the King,
Scotland is so full of Treachery?

Yes, there is a Man in *Westmoreland*,
and *Johnny Armstrong* they do him call,
He has no lands nor rents coming in,
yet he keeps eightscore Men within his Hall.

He has horse and harness for them all,
and goodly steads that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
with hats and feathers all alike.

The King he writes a loving letter,
and with his own hand so tenderly,
And hath sent it unto *Johnny Armstrong*,
to come and speak with him speedily.

When *John* he looked this Letter upon,
good Lord, he lookt as blith as a Bird in a Tree,

I was never before a King in my life,
my Father, my Grandfather, nor none of us three:

But seeing we must go before the King,
O we will go most gallantly:
Ye shall every one have a velvet-coat:
laid down with golden laces three.

And ye shall every one have a scarlet Cloak
laid down with silver laces five,
With your golden belts about your necks,
with hats and brave feathers all alike.

But when *John* he went from *Guiltnock-hall*,
the wind it blew hard, and full fast it did rain;
Now fare thee well thou *Guiltnock-hall*,
I fear I shall never see thee again.

Now *Johnny* is to Edenborough gone,
with his eightscore Men so gallantly,
And every one of them a milk white steed,
with their bucklers and swords hanging to their knee.

But when *John* came the King before,
with his eightscore Men so gallant to see,
The King he mov'd his Bonnet to him;
he thought he had been a King as well as he.

O Pardon, Pardon, my Sovereign Leige,
pardon for my eightscore Men and me,
For my Name it is *Johnny Armstrong*,
and a Subject of yours, yLeige, said he.

Away with thee, thou falſe Traytor,
no Pardon will I grant to thee,
But to morrow morning by eight of the clock,
I will hang up thy eightſcore Men and thee.

Then *Johnny* look't over his left ſhoulder,
and to his merry Men thus ſaid he,
I have asked grace of a graceleſs Face,
no Pardon there is for you or me.

Then *John* pull'd out his truſty Sword,
and it was made of mettle ſo free,
Had not the King mov'd his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

Come follow me, my merry Men all,
we will ſcorn one Foot for to fly,
It ſhall ne'r be ſaid we were hung like Dogs,
we will fight it out ſo manfully.

Then they fought on like Champions bold,
for their hearts were ſtirdy, ſtout and free,
Till they had kill'd the King's good Guard,
there was none left alive but two or three.

But then roſe up all *Edenborough*,
they roſe up by thouſands three,
A cowardly *Scot*, came *John* behind,
and run him thorowth fair Body.

Said *John*, Fight on my merry Men all,
I am a little wounded but am not ſlain
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
then i'll riſe and fight with you again.

Then

Then they fought on like mad Men all,
till many a Man lay dead upon the Plain,
For they were resolved before they would yie'd,
that every Man should there be slain:

So there they fought couragiously,
till most them lay dead there and slain,
But little *Musgrove* that was his Foot-page,
with his bonny Grizel got away untain.

But when he came to *Guiltnock-hall*,
the Lady spied him presently,
What news, what news, thou little Foot-page,
what news from thy Master and his Company.

My news is bad, Lady, he said,
which I do bring, as you may see,
My Master *Johnny Armstrong* is slain,
and all his gallant Company.

Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny Grizel,
full oft thou hast been fed with Corn and Hay,
But now thou shalt be fed with Bread and Wine,
and thy sides shall be spur'd no more, I say.

O then bespake his little Son,
as he sat on his Nurse's Knee,
If ever I live to be a Man,
my Father's Death reveng'd shall be.

FINIS.